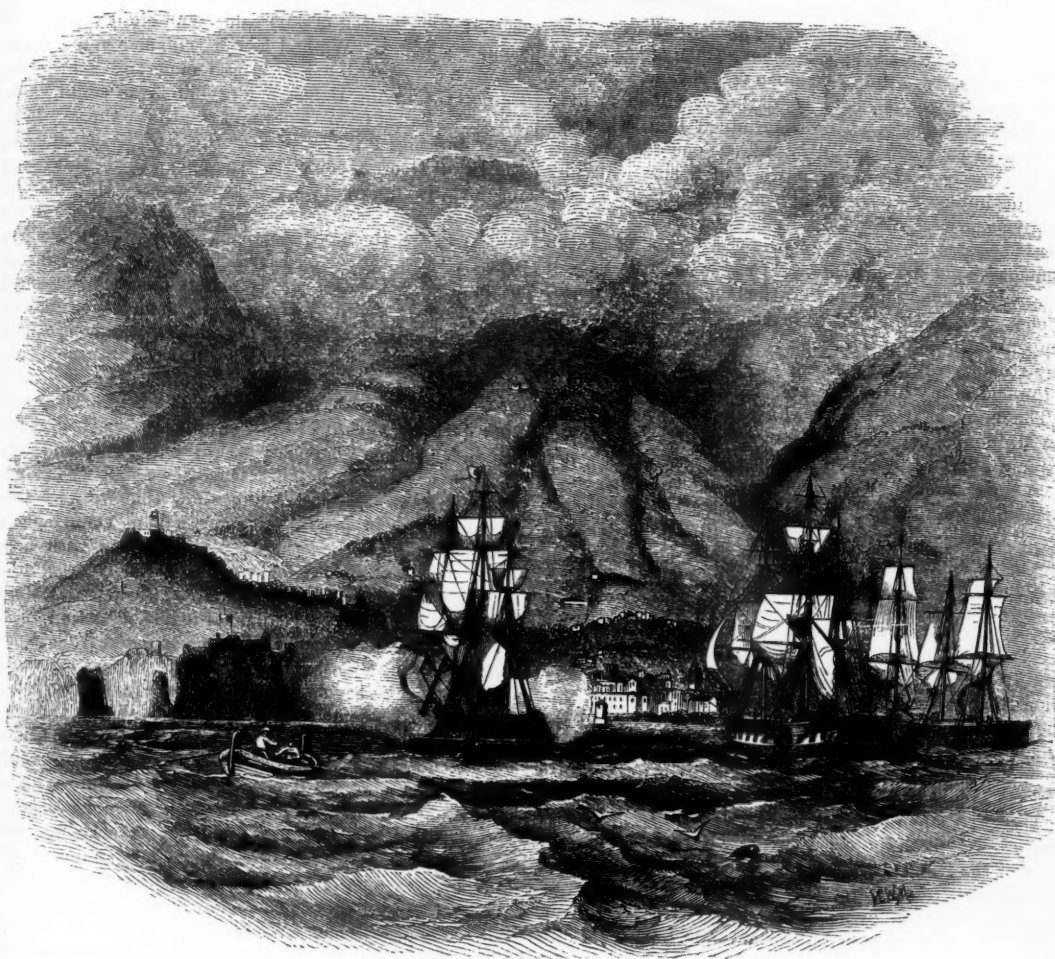


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



IN THE BAY OF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

CHAPTER III.

"HILLO! who have we here?" I heard one of the mates exclaim, as I was taking a last look of our receding antagonist. "Is this a dead man?"

"No, not entirely, as yet," said a voice which preceded, I found, from a person lying on the deck.

I remembered my prisoner, and ran to lift him up. He recognised my voice. "If it hadn't been for you I should have been dead enough by this time," he said, getting on his feet.

No. 864.—JULY 18, 1868.

"Who are you?" I asked, "a friend or a foe?"

"A friend; or I wouldn't be here at all," he answered, in a tone which made me feel certain that he spoke the truth.

"Well, come into the cabin, and tell me all about the matter," I said; for though he spoke broad Irish, I saw by his manner that he was above the rank of a common seaman. His appearance when he came into the light justified me in my opinion.

"It's just this; I was first mate of a fine brig, the Kathleen. We had been down in the eastern seas, and away into the Pacific, over to America, trading for

some time with the natives, and bringing hides, seal skins, and sandal-wood to the Chinamen; and at last, having made a very successful voyage, we were on our homeward passage, when yonder piratical craft fell in with us. Each man had been promised a share of the profits, so that we had something to fight for. Fight our poor fellows did, till there was scarcely one of them left unhurt. We none of us thought of striking though; but at last the rascally pirates ran us aboard, and as they swarmed along our decks cut down every man who still stood on his legs. How I escaped without a hurt I don't know. I soon had other troubles; for, being uninjured, I was at once carried aboard our captor, but before the Frenchmen could secure their prize, she blew up, with every soul on board, and there was I left a prisoner alone. I almost envied the fate of our crew. The loss of the prize which had cost them so many lives and so much trouble, made the Frenchmen very savage, especially their captain, who is about as daring a villain as ever ploughed salt water. This determined him, when he fell in with your convoy, to try and cut one of them out. He fixed on you because you were of a size which he thought he could tackle easily, and he hoped to take you by surprise. Why he did not kill me outright I do not know, for he treated me like a brute from the moment he got me in his power; and when we ran you alongside, he made me get into the rigging that I might be shot at; and I thought to myself the safest plan is to jump aboard, and if I escape a knock on the head I may stow myself away before any one sees me. Such is the end of my history at present."

The name of the vessel which had attacked us was the *Mignonne*, privateer, of twenty guns and eighty men, Captain Jules La Roche, of the port of Brest, we learned from the stranger. "And your own name, my friend?" I asked, not feeling very sure that the truth had been told us. "Dennis O'Carroll. My name will tell you where I hail from, and you may look at me as a specimen of one of the most unfortunate men in the world," he answered. If O'Carroll's account of the size of our antagonist was correct, we had good reason to be thankful that we had escaped so easily. Our chief anxiety was now about finding the fleet. We had no business to have separated from them; for though we might easily have run out to the East without encountering an enemy, yet, should any accident have happened to us, our insurers might have considered our charter invalidated, and Garrard, Janrin and Co. would have been the sufferers.

We were much relieved by seeing a blue light suddenly burst forth in the darkness. It came from the deck of the frigate, which had stood after us to ascertain the cause of the firing. Our adventure had the effect of keeping the convoy much closer together; for no one could tell when Captain La Roche might take it into his head to pounce down upon us and pick up a stray bird, should the frigate be at a distance. He would have had no chance, however, with the *Indiamen*, whose officers were in a very combative mood. Not long before a very gallant action had been performed by a squadron of them in the Eastern seas—indeed, no country ever possessed a body of officers in her mercantile marine equal to those of the Honourable East India Company.

I heard all about the action on board the *Cuthbells*. One morning, when I went on deck, I found that there was what might well be called a calm, the sails of the ships hung up and down the masts without moving, except every now and then, as they slowly rolled from side to side to give a loud thundering clap, and once more to subside into sullen silence. The sea, smooth as a mirror, shone like burnished silver, its surface ever

and anon broken by the fin of some monster of the deep, or by a covey of flying fish, which would dart through the air till, their wings dried by the sun, they fell helpless again into their native element.

Looking round I recognised the *Cuthbells* not far off, and, remembering my promise, asked for a boat to go on board. I was received in the most friendly manner, and was asked to stop to tiffin and to dinner, if I could remain as long.

"Yes, sir, he richly deserved it; every rupee he got—that's my opinion," observed a yellow-faced gentleman in nankeens and white waistcoat, sitting at the other end of the table. "I was on board the *Earl Camden* on my way home, and I know that, including public and private investments, the cargoes of our ships could not have been of less value than eight millions of pounds sterling. We had fifteen *Indiamen* and a dozen country ships, with a Portuguese craft and a brig, the *Ganges*; Captain Dance, our captain, was commodore. This fleet sailed from Canton on the 31st January, 1804. After sighting Pulo Auro, near the Straits of Malacca, the *Royal George*, one of the *Indiamen*, made the signal for four strange sail in the south-west. On this the commodore directed four of the *Indiamen* to go down and examine them. Lieutenant Fowler of the navy, who was a passenger on board the *Earl Camden*, offered to go also in the *Ganges* to inspect the strangers more nearly. It was a time of no small anxiety you may be sure. The *Ganges* was a fast sailer, and before long Lieutenant Fowler came back, with the information that the squadron in sight was French, and consisted of a line of battle ship, three frigates, and a brig. The question was now, should we fight or not. If we attempted to make our escape the enemy would pursue us, and very likely pick us off in detail. Our safest plan was to put a bold face on the matter, and show that we were prepared for fighting. This was our gallant commodore's opinion, and all the other captains agreed with him, especially Captain Timins, of the *Royal George*, who acted as his second in command. The look-out ships were now recalled by signal, and the line of battle formed in close order. As soon as the enemy could fetch in our wake they put about, and we kept on our course under easy sail. At near sunset they were close up with our rear, which it seemed as if they were about to attack. On seeing this Captain Dance prepared with other ships to hasten to the assistance of that part of our line. Just as the day was closing, however, the French, not liking our looks, and unwilling to risk a night engagement, hauled their wind. Lieutenant Fowler was now sent in the *Ganges* to station the country ships on our lee-bow, by which means we were between them and the enemy. He brought back some volunteers, whose assistance was acceptable. We lay to all night—our men at their quarters. At daybreak of the 15th we saw the enemy also lying to, and so, hoisting our colours, we offered them battle if they chose to come down. At nine, finding that they would not accept our challenge, we formed the order of sailing, and steered our course under easy sail. The enemy on this filled their sails and edged down towards us. Now was the time that the mettle of our merchant skippers was to be tried. Did they flinch?—Not a bit of it! The commodore, finding that the enemy proposed to attack and cut off our rear, made the signal for the fleet to tack and bear down on him, and engage in succession—the *Royal George* being the leading ship, the *Ganges* next, and then the *Earl Camden*. This manoeuvre was beautifully performed, and we stood towards the Frenchmen under a press of sail. The enemy then formed in a very close line and

opened fire on the headmost ships, which was not returned till they got much closer. What do you think of it? Two merchantmen and a brig engaging a line of battle ship, two frigates, and two other ships of war—for the rest of the fleet had not yet got up. The Royal George bore the brunt of the action, for Captain Timins took his ship as close to the enemy as they would let him, and the Ganges and Earl Camden opened their fire as soon as their guns could take effect. Before, however, any of the other ships could get into action the Frenchmen hauled their wind and stood away to the eastward, under all the sail they could set. On this, at about 2 P.M., the signal was made for a general chase, and away went the fleet of merchantmen after the men of war. We pursued them for two hours, when the commodore, fearing that we might be led too far from the mouth of the straits, made the signal to tack, and in the evening we anchored ready to pass through the straits in the morning. We afterwards found that the squadron we had engaged was that of Admiral Linois, consisting of the Marengo, 84 guns, the Belle Poule, and Semillante, heavy frigates, a corvette of 28 guns, and a Batavian brig of 18 guns. That the Frenchmen either took some of our big ships for men of war, or fancied that some men of war were near at hand and ready to come to our assistance is very probable, but that does not detract from the gallantry of the action. The Patriotic Fund voted swords and plate to Captain Dance and other officers, and the East India Company presented him with 2,000 guineas and a piece of plate worth 500, and Captain Timins 1,000 guineas and a piece of plate, and all the other captains and officers and men rewards in plate or money, the whole amounting to not less than £50,000. But they deserved it, sir—they deserved it; and I suspect that Admiral Linois and his officers must have pulled out the best part of their hair when they discovered the prize they had lost. Besides the reward I have mentioned, Commodore Dance was very properly knighted."

"In its result the action was most important, but it was scarcely so annoying to the enemy as another in which some Indianmen were engaged in 1800," observed a military officer, laying down his knife and fork, and wiping his moustache. "I was on my passage out on board the Exeter, one of the Indianmen of 1,200 tons, commanded by Captain Meriton. We had in company the Bombay Castle, Countess, and Neptune, of the same tonnage, besides other ships under the convoy of the Belligieux, of sixty-four guns, Captain Bulteel. A French squadron of three large frigates, it appeared, after committing a good deal of mischief on the Coast of Africa had crossed over to Rio de la Plata to refit, and had just again put to sea, when, early in the morning, they made out a part, and some of the lighter ships, probably, of our convoy. Hoping to pick up some prizes, the Frenchmen stood towards us, and we, quite ready for the encounter, bore down towards them. No sooner, however, did the Frenchmen see our big China ships, with their two tiers of ports and warlike look, than they bore up under a press of sail, and by signal separated. While the Belligieux steered for the largest of the French ships, she signalled to the Indianmen I have mentioned to proceed in chase of the others, we and the Bombay Castle of one of them, the Médée, and the other two of the Franchise. We, at the time, were nearer the Médée than was the Bombay Castle, and we also sailed better. The chase was a long one, but we kept the enemy in sight, and it was near midnight before we came up with her. The Bombay Castle was a long way astern, and the frigate might have handled us very severely, if not

knocked us to pieces before she could have come up to our assistance. Captain Meriton was not a man to be daunted. With the decks lighted and all our ports up, he ran alongside the Frenchman—"Strike, Monsieur, to a superior force, to his Britannic Majesty's ship Thunderaboo," he shouted out; "Strike, I say, or—!" We did not know whether the Frenchman would reply with a broadside, which would have greatly staggered us. Instead of that the Frenchman politely replied that he yielded to the fortune of war. "Come aboard immediately," was the order our bold Captain next gave. Not to be surpassed by the Frenchman, we had a guard ready to assist the captain up our highside. With the profoundest of bows he delivered his sword, and he was then asked into the cabin. Immediately we had him safe, keeping the frigate under our guns, we sent armed boats on board, and brought away part of her people. When the Bombay Castle came up she received the remainder, and we then placed a prize crew on board. Meantime the suspicions of the French captain had been aroused. He had observed the small size of our guns. The appearance of the Indianman's cuddy and the gentleman and lady passengers—not that there were many of the latter—must have raised curious doubts in his mind. Suddenly he jumped up and asked to what ship he had struck.

"To the Honourable East India Company's ship Exeter," answered Captain Meriton, with a bow which beat the Frenchman's.

"What, to a merchantman?" exclaimed the Frenchman, with a look of dismay.

"Yes, Monsieur, to a merchantman," said Captain Meriton with a gentle smile, which it would have been difficult to repress.

"It is not fair; it is vile; it is a cheat!" exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to stalk up and down the cabin, to grind his teeth and to pull out his hair. "I say it is a cheat; give me back my ship, send on board my men, and I will fight you bravely. You will soon see if you take me again."

"I am ready to acknowledge that you would very likely take me, as I should certainly deserve to be taken for my folly in agreeing to your proposal. You will excuse me if I therefore decline it," was the answer. Though we pitied the feelings of the poor man, it was very difficult to keep our countenance as he uttered his expressions of indignation and anger. He did not recover his spirits till his frigate was out of sight."

This anecdote was followed by several others. Those were pleasant hours I spent on board the old Indianman. My visits to her were indeed an agreeable change from the sea-life routine of my own ship. I was amused by the progress in intimacy made among themselves by the younger portion of the passengers since I first went on board at Spithead. The captain confided to me the fact that it cost him much more trouble to maintain discipline in the cuddy than among his crew. "What with my young ladies and my chronometers, it is as much as an elderly gentleman can well accomplish to keep all things straight," he observed, glancing at several young couples who were pacing the deck, the gentlemen being cadets or writers. "The friends of those girls now—nice young creatures they are too—have sent them out fully expecting that they would marry nabobs or colonels at least, and in spite of all my precautions, they have gone and engaged themselves to those young fellows who have only just got their feet on the ratlines. Small blame to the gentlemen, however, for a more charming consignment I never had, only the more charming the more difficult to manage."

While the calms lasted, I paid daily visits to my friends, but at length a breeze springing up we proceeded on our voyage, as I must with my narrative, or I may chance not to get to the end of it. We called off the beautiful island of Madeira, with its picturesque town of Funchal—more attractive on the outside than within; we procured, however, a welcome supply of fresh meat, vegetables, and fruits. On our crossing the line, Neptune and his Tritons came on board and played their usual pranks. Jack little thinks that on such occasions he is performing a very ancient ceremony practised by those bold voyagers, the Carthaginians; to them, there is little doubt that the secret of the mariners' compass was known. On sailing between the pillars of Hercules into the wide Atlantic they were visited, not by Hercules himself, but by his representative priests, to whom they were wont to deliver certain votive offerings that the propitiated divinity might protect them on their perilous voyage. The custom of performing ceremonies of a like description was continued to later times by the mariners of the Levant, Greece, and Italy, long after the temple of Hercules was in ruins. When they, and those northern seamen who had learned the scientific parts of navigation from them, extended their voyages across the line, they continued the practices, substituting Neptune for Hercules, and adding a few caricatures to suit their own more barbarous tastes.

Having crossed the line, and there being no longer much risk of our meeting the cruisers of the enemy, Captain Hassall, who had long fumed at being kept back by the slow sailing of our companions, determined to part company. We accordingly hoisted our colours, gave a salute of nine guns in acknowledgment of the civilities we had received, and under all sail soon ran the dignified moving convoy out of sight. Light and contrary winds and calms kept us so long under the sun of the tropics that the seams of our decks began to open, and to get them caulked and other repairs executed, we bore up for St. Salvador on the coast of Brazil, belonging to Portugal. We saluted the fort on entering, and paid every necessary respect to the authorities, but we soon found that they either suspected our character, or were not inclined for some other reason to treat us in a friendly spirit. A guard was put on board, and we were told that neither officers nor crew must leave the ship.

We were still ignorant of the cause of this treatment, when the master of an English whaler came along-side with his men armed to the teeth. He told us that he had a letter of marque, and that on the strength of it, having fallen in with a Spanish merchantman some way to the south-west, he had chased and captured her, and found a large number of dollars on board. Having come into St. Salvador he found there no less than seven other Spanish vessels, the masters and crews of which were favoured by the Portuguese, and he heard that they threatened to follow him out and capture him and his prize. Our arrival had turned the scales in his favour, and he offered to remain if we would accompany him out when we were ready. This Captain Hassall readily promised to do. As the whaler was strongly manned, a good sized crew had been put on board the prize, and thus our three vessels were somewhat of a match for the Spaniards we hoped. At length the Governor of the place ordered the officers of the ship to appear before him. Accordingly Captain Hassall, the first mate, and I, accompanied by Dennis O'Carroll, who seemed to be able to speak every language under the sun except pure English, as interpreter, went on shore under an escort. The Governor, a fat, swarthy personage in the full dress uniform of a general,

received us in a haughty manner, and cross-questioned us in the most minute and tedious manner. Dennis somewhat puzzled him by the style of his answers, which were anything but literal translations of what Captain Hassall said. The result, however, was favourable, and we were allowed to go wherever we chose about the city, and to get the necessary repairs of our ship executed, and to obtain all the stores and provisions we required.

Much relieved, we made our bows, and then took a turn through the place before going on board. I was much struck with the number of churches, of priests, and black slaves, the latter habited in the most scanty garments, and the former perambulating the streets in parties dressed up in the richest attire of coloured silks and gold, with banners and crosses, and statues of saints, or representations of events mentioned in the Scriptures, the figures as large as life. A large number of friars in black, or brown, or grey gowns of coarse cloth, with ropes round their waists, were going about two and two, with small figures of saints on money boxes. The figures they literally thrust into the faces of the passers by to be kissed. We saw no one refuse to drop a coin into the box.

"These must be a very religiously disposed people," I observed to Dennis.

"If you knew what I do you wouldn't say that," he answered. "They're fond of sinning and they are ready to pay for it. The reason that all these priests and monks flourish is this—they have succeeded in teaching the people that they can buy pardon for all the sins they commit. The only scrap of real religion the poor people are allowed to possess is the knowledge that sin must be punished if not forgiven. Instead, however, of showing them how forgiveness can alone be obtained, they make them believe that money can buy it through the prayers of the saints; but when they've got the money in their own pockets, it's very little trouble they give the saints about the matter at all."

"How did you learn all this, Mr. O'Carroll?" I asked.

"Just because I believed it all myself," he answered quickly. "I'll tell you some day how I came to find out that I had been sailing on a wrong tack; but you think me now a harum-scarum Irishman, and I'm afraid to talk about the matter."

On our way we passed through the dockyard, where a fifty-gun ship was building, and several smaller vessels of war. We were looking at one repairing alongside the quay, when I saw O'Carroll start, and look eagerly at the people on board.

"That's her, I am certain of it," he exclaimed. "She has got into trouble since she parted from you, or you may have done her more harm than you thought for, and she has put in here with false papers and under false colours to repair damages."

"What vessel do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, the Mignonne to be sure, or by what other name she may go," he answered. "Probably she is now the San Domingo, or some other saint under Spanish colours, and hailing from some port on the other side of the Horn. Our friend, Captain Brown, of the whaler, had better make haste, or she will be after him and his prize."

"Why not after us then?" I asked.

"Because Captain La Roche has had enough of your quality, I suspect," he replied. "He is a fellow who only fights when he is sure of booty, and though I dare say that he would like to send you to the bottom, he would not go out of his way either for revenge or glory."

To satisfy ourselves we examined the stranger as narrowly as we could, and O'Carroll was thoroughly convinced that he was right in his suspicions. While thus employed a man appeared at the companion watch.

"Why there is La Roche himself," he cried out. Scarcely had he spoken than a bullet whizzed by his head. "That settles the matter," he said, quite coolly. "Let us be out of this or he will be following up this compliment." We hurried out of the dockyard. I proposed making a complaint to the authorities.

"And be detained here several weeks and gain nothing in the end," he answered, shaking his head. "My advice is, get ready for sea as fast as you can, and if you wish to serve Captain Brown see him safe out of sight of land before the Mignonne can follow. We'll keep a watch on him in the meantime, or he'll play us some trick or other. Above all things don't be on shore after dark. La Roche has plenty of friends here, depend on that, and he will find means to pick us off if he thinks that we are likely to inconvenience him."

Following O'Carroll's suggestions I immediately returned on board. Captain Hassall at first scarcely credited the account we gave him—indeed, he did not, I saw, put thorough confidence in O'Carroll. However, he agreed that we ought to warn Captain Brown, and that it would be well for us also to sail before the supposed privateer was ready for sea.

UNSKILLED TRAMPS.

In a previous paper, we gave some account of the trade tramp, the skilled artisan who wanders from place to place, working or not working, as inclination prompts or opportunity may avail him. We shall now turn our attention for a few moments to his congener, the unskilled tramp, who has followed no particular calling since he was his own master—whenever that may have been—and has no intention of following any. The first fact that strikes us in connection with this subject is the enormous number of supernumeraries which at all times and seasons abound in our towns and country-places, and are ever turning up whether they are wanted or no. There may be, and there often is, a dearth of labourers to gather in the fruits of the earth; there may be a want of workmen and artificers in this craft or the other; there may be an outcry for seamen to man the fleet or supply the demands of the merchant service; and the recruiting-sergeant may be driven to his wits' end to procure the "fine young men" wanted to fill up the gaps in the ranks of Her Majesty's regiments of the line—but of vagabond non-workers and non-fighters there is never any lack; they are found everywhere and at all times, and they constitute, it may be affirmed, the most permanent and the most ubiquitous of all our social institutions.

Are they the victims of a malady, or are they the subjects of an irresistible fascination?—these English lazzaroni. Is laziness a disease, and is it hereditarily entailed, or is it a life-engrossing luxury, indulged in at the cost of well-nigh everything else which people who work consider worth having? We are inclined to think, as the phrase goes, that it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. At any rate, evil habits are a disease, and the luxury of laziness, if it be long indulged in, will infect a man like a leprosy, and number him with the morally incurable. How it comes to pass that, not working save under compulsion, the unskilled tramp contrives to live, is a question not to be answered in a breath. In fact, to answer it at all, one had need know

more of these gentry than anybody does know, or is likely to know until some candid member of the class shall condescend to enlighten us with an autobiography. Of course, if the tramp were a thief, the mystery would be cleared up; but, as a rule, he is not a thief. Apart from the operation of honesty of principle, it would not suit him to render himself obnoxious to the law; his safety lies in keeping clear of crime and the suspicion of crime, so that he may be free to come and go in all places unchallenged. It is not the regular tramp who steals even food to satisfy his hunger, or strips linen from a hedge to cover his nakedness; or who poaches the squire's preserves, wires his hares, or tickles his trout; such practitioners are exceptional rogues, who tramp the country on foraging expeditions, and who may be said to have a calling, though their industry is a loss, and not a gain, to the community.

In old times the laws against tramps were much more severe than they are now. The legislature gave them an ill name, defining them as "sturdy rogues," and punished them accordingly. To "comprehend all vagrom men" was the duty of the Dogberrys of Shakspeare's time, and to allow them to rot in prison after they were taken, appears to have been part of the system of punishment. Our more complex civilization, and the needs of our teeming population, have practically done away with that, and without repealing the old laws, have suffered them to fall into abeyance. We are too densely peopled to recur to that plan: our poor often starve in the streets as it is; without perfect freedom of transit from place to place, and liberty to seek relief where it may be found, we should see them in seasons of severity perishing by hundreds. The "sturdy rogue" of our day is allowed his personal liberty unchallenged so long as he respects the law, and he lives and moves under a system of surveillance of which his ragged predecessor had not the slightest notion. We meet with him sometimes in our walks, and recognise him as the lineal descendant of his venerable ancestor; it is he who, in the tender gloaming of summer, haunts the shady solitudes where sentimental young ladies repair to indulge their poetic imaginations. There, armed with a bludgeon, whose but-end, in a high condition of phrenological development, protrudes suggestively from under his arm, he takes his stand in some shady niche, and presents himself suddenly to the bodily eye of the musing solitary—a very ugly hamadryad indeed—and informs her, in a voice compared to which that of Dirk Hatteraik were melody itself, that he wants a shilling, and that if he doesn't get it he shall be obliged to do something dreadful. Of course he gets it—no imaginative fair one, all alone in a green lane, can resist that touching appeal—and having got it, he considerably relieves her of his company. Or he dogs some nervous elderly gentleman in his lonely walk, and selecting his point of vantage, pours into his unwilling ear a tale of woe, culminating in a reckless, despairing kind of demand for relief, delivered in a manner which is a veritable "shock to the system" of the luckless auditor, who is but too glad to escape from it at the cost of two-and-six. Or, in default of out-door subjects to deal with, he calls at some lone house, whose master he has watched out of hearing, and asks for a "drink o' water," under cover of which modest request, he will manage to levy rather heavy blackmail, should it happen that he has only women to deal with.

One is pleased to turn away from the contemplation of such a rascal as this, and to bestow a moment's attention upon the educated tramp, who is by no means so scarce a specimen as many simple people, who deem edu-

cation a sovereign cure for all moral evils, are apt to imagine. Some writers suppose that the nomadic instinct runs in the blood, and cannot be eradicated. However this may be, it is certain that the inclination to vagabondism breaks out in very various classes, and that instances are not wanting where the soundest education fails to repress it. We adverted to this subject in a preceding paper treating of the trade tramp; but, as a rule, the trade tramp is never more than very partially educated, whereas the unskilled tramp is not unfrequently somewhat of a finished scholar, capable of taking a good position, had he only the will and the necessary impulses. We have known a first-rate mathematician, to whom the differential calculus was as familiar as were his own empty pockets, to go out on the tramp, and to prowl the country for years, until his shirt literally dropped away in tatters. We knew another who was versed in all the philosophical systems from Aristotle to Kant, inclusive, and who would discourse metaphysics with untiring volubility, and that to the admiration of men well versed in the subject. A clergyman, who has written concerning tramps lately in a popular journal, tells us of one who rendered into classical English a tough passage from Cicero at sight. Some years ago we happened to be reading at an open cottage-window in the country, when a tattered figure stepped up and volunteered a lesson in Greek in return for a meal, of which he seemed sadly in want; to test him we put a copy of the *Odyssey* into his hand, when he rapped out a dozen verses, describing the escape of Ulysses from Polyphemus, giving them *ore rotundo*, and adding without a moment's hesitation, a characteristic translation. At another time, at the same place, a man who begged the job of weeding the garden for sixpence, read off readily into English any part of the Hebrew scriptures. It is not always that the educated tramps are in the garb of squalid poverty; they often retain some regard for appearances, not to say personal comfort; sometimes they will introduce themselves courteously in your walks, perhaps with some encomium on the scenery, flavoured with an apt quotation from a classic author, and will ingeniously establish a conversation, and as certainly in the course of it make themselves the topic, winding up with a confession of impecuniosity, and their willingness to accept a temporary loan from "a gentleman and a scholar" like yourself. In a rencontre of this kind we know from experience how extremely difficult it is to come off quite scatheless.

The mass of our tramping vagabonds, however, are, it must be confessed, of a very ordinary mental calibre. Perhaps the majority of them may be set down as being originally rustics born to labour, which, not suiting their inclinations, they have managed to shift off upon others. There are thousands of them who, though they hate regular labour, and loathe the idea of servitude in any shape, will yet work like horses at certain times and by fits and starts. Thus, at the haymaking and harvest seasons, when a double or treble wage is to be won by herculean exertion, these are the men to make it; but even on such seasons not much reliance can be placed on them, as they soon grow weary of routine, however profitable, and must have novelty and change of scene.

In hunting counties, especially during the hunting season, a characteristic class of hangers-on are always to be found—fellows wanting neither in humour nor endurance, nor in physical energies; they have certain other qualities, not easily defined, which recommend them to sporting gentlemen: they will run with the hounds for half a day together, making up by their

knowledge of the country, and of the instincts of the fox, for the lack of a steed, and will sometimes come in at the death while half the field is far in the rear. Such a fellow is in luck when a rider comes to grief within hail of him—he runs to the rescue instinctively, picks up the fallen hero, catches his steed and remounts him, or, if the case is too bad for that, deposits the patient in an easy position, mounts himself, and gallops off for assistance—for all which timely aid he is sure to be liberally rewarded. It would almost seem that some of this class make it their business to hover about wherever there is the chance of accident or peril of any kind, since in case of any disaster, whether serious or slight, occur where it will, one or more of them is sure to start up and proffer service. Apropos to this view of the matter,—there was a story current some years back of a speculative fellow who devoted himself to the idea of laying the old Duke of Wellington under an obligation that should make him (the speculator) a rich man. His idea was, that the Duke would be some day thrown from his horse—that he would pick him up—and that the act would make his fortune. It was said that he followed the Duke everywhere with this view, dogging him in all his rides, ever ready and eager to run to his assistance when the wished-for misfortune should arrive. On a certain day, runs the story, when the Duke was crossing the parade-ground at the Horse Guards, he actually was thrown from his horse, through pulling up suddenly to avoid a child. The old soldier, however, was too quick in his movements to require help from any one, and was in the saddle again before the ever-watchful follower could get up to him. The chagrin of the would-be preserver at the Duke's ungenerous haste, it was added, caused him so much disgust that he gave up his idea and left the old hero to his fate.

Benevolent persons, exposed to the frequent appeals of tramps, have in many instances adopted the plan of subjecting them to the labour test before affording them relief. The tramp rarely objects to this, in moderation, because his antipathy is not so much against working "a spell" now and then, as against the slavery of constant employment. Some persons keep a piece of ground to be turned up by the spade, awarding a shilling to the worker when the whole is done; and so long as this is supposed to be real work, the tramps are for the most part content to do the whole more or less carefully for the shilling; but let one of them know that the digging is merely a test, and has nothing to do with cultivation, and he will scorn to touch it. A man offered work of this kind feels himself insulted. He will tell you, if you reason with him, that though you may choose to call him a pauper, you have no right to treat him as you would a criminal—and that it is only criminals who are put to unproductive labour. From which it would appear that even tramps cherish their own idea of self-respect.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

VIII.—ALICANTE AND VALENCIA.

FROM Malaga to Barcelona there are three good boats, built on the Clyde for Messrs. Lopez & Co., of Cadiz, called the Alicante, Madrid, and Valencia. One of the gentlemen who accompanied me to Granada embarked with me in the first-named. These vessels sail from Cadiz, calling at Algeciras, Malaga, Alicante, Valencia, Barcelona, and sometimes go on to Marseilles, but when I was in Spain, the Government had put Marseilles in quarantine, and the boats went no farther than Barce-

lona. We left Malaga at noon, and got into Alicante at 10 A.M. the following morning. The reader will find in many English books the name of this place spelt without the final e, and constantly pronounced so, but this is an error. In Spanish, as in Italian and Latin, the final e is accented, and it should be written and pronounced Alicanté. The view of the town is singular and picturesque. It lies amidst rugged barren-looking hills. The old Castle stands prominently out, on a precipitous hill 400 feet above the bay. This once celebrated stronghold of defence against the Moors is now in a ruinous and neglected state. I found it a hard pull to mount these jagged and rugged limestone cliffs, and to get to their top under a hot sun; but the magnificent view obtained of the surrounding scenery from this elevation is worth any amount of labour. There is a good trade done in the place, and it contains some comparatively wealthy British and Spanish merchants. I was agreeably surprised to find so many attractions in a small seaport town. In the old part of the town the streets are narrow, and the buildings of the usual Moorish look; but in the new, or *renueved* parts, round the harbour, the houses are four to five stories, built of stone, or white-washed plaster, and the streets broad, clean, and well-paved. There is a large and rather elegant theatre, a fine town-hall, and a good club or casino, with the usual alameda and public walks. Finding that the vessel was to lie here till the following evening, my *compagnon de voyage* got disgusted at the idea of remaining for thirty-two hours at this small seaport, took his traps on shore, and started by rail for Valencia, forfeiting his passage-money to Barcelona. I was annoyed myself at the delay, but being known to the kind and hospitable British Consul I was invited to his house, and had the advantage of seeing and learning all about the place, and spending a very agreeable day.

We drove a short distance into the country, and witnessed the extraordinary fertility of the Heurta. This is a term used in the South of Spain to denote a small, fertile, watered district, and may be literally translated a garden (*hortus*), and such it was in the days of the industrious Arabs. Their system of irrigation is still carried on to a small extent, and where this is attended to the land will produce two or three crops a year. The vine and olive in particular grow in profusion. The vintage of last autumn seemed to have been very abundant, if not profitable. A gentleman who has a plantation of nearly a million vines told me that he had sold the whole of his wine this year at a fraction over one halfpenny a bottle! This seems scarcely credible, but you may depend on the fact, as we went into the calculations. The vine bears a little the second and third years, and is of full value the fourth or fifth year, and lives to about the age of man, "three score years." The carob tree, so well-known in Malta and the Levant, where its produce forms an article of commercial importance, grows here in abundance. It has a dark green foliage, not unlike the oriental plane tree, and produces a pod, smaller than that of the tamarind, but like it containing a pulp of saccharine matter which covers the seed. There are some curious traditions about this production. One is that it formed the food of John the Baptist, and it is still called St. John's bread; another that it constituted "the husks on which the prodigal son fed;" both of which are very doubtful. In Spain it is chiefly used as food for cattle, and sometimes eaten by the poor, but it is neither safe nor wholesome for human food. The Government has another of those great tobacco manufactories here, where some thousands of women are employed. We met a number of these poor

creatures going home to their villages; many of them live three or four miles off, and walk this distance to and from their work. They receive two reals, i.e. five-pence, per day, and have a life of great poverty and hardship. Some of the old fortifications are being cleared away for new streets and walks. The small harbour is protected by a mole, with a narrow entrance, in which a good number of vessels were anchored, and among them a smart little craft which had just been brought in as a smuggler, and seemed likely to give as much trouble as the Queen Victoria. This vessel cleared out from Gibraltar, with "a general cargo" of tobacco and cotton piece goods, for Genoa. The Spanish spies give notice of the clearing out of these vessels, when they are suspected, and they are followed by the revenue cutters. The captors said that the vessel was within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the shore, and making signals. The captain and crew swore that they were six miles off land on their legitimate voyage, and all their papers correct; in short, there was "hard swearing" on both sides; and the seizure appeared likely to give our Government and consuls a great deal of trouble. It is rather unfortunate that these vessels sail under the British flag, while there is not a single Englishman on board. The crews are composed of Portuguese, Spaniards, and half-caste Gibraltar men, not one of whom can speak a word of English; and as the circumstances were rather suspicious, the cargo being altogether unsuited for the Genoa market, it is very hard that England should bear the odium attached to this contraband trade. This is another of the bad results of a blind monopoly; the heavy duties on foreign produce offer a premium and encouragement to smuggling.

The climate of Alicante is delightful, and the temperature like our finest summer day. It is a question with physicians whether it is not more favourable for invalids than Nice, or any of the Italian ports. The thermometer seldom rises above 85 degs. in summer, or falls below 65 degs. in winter—in fact, there is no winter, but one perpetual spring. A few years ago the inhabitants numbered 16,000; but after the opening of the railway direct from Madrid, and the consequent increase of trade, they now number 31,000. Notwithstanding the delightful climate, I question if the attempted cure of invalids would not be worse than the disease, and if they could survive the *ennui*, if they did not die of consumption or bronchitis; there is lack of proper medical advice, and of the most ordinary comforts of civilised life. The Anglo-Spaniards seem to have a great dread of falling into the hands of Spanish physicians, and I think, with some show of reason; for I heard from those who were entitled to give an opinion on the subject, that the medical profession in Spain is of a very low standard, chiefly of the barber-surgeon kind. It might be well for the people if they could spare a little of the wealth of their cathedrals to endow good medical schools, and introduce foreign professors of acknowledged talent. A priest of very small capacity may administer "Extreme Unction," but it is only long and severe study, superior intellect, and research that qualify men for the ennobling profession of medicine, of which the Spaniards have scarcely any conception.

We left the harbour at 6 P.M., with a calm sea, a clear, bright, starry sky—so mild and pleasant that one felt inclined to walk the decks all night. The whole coast from Malaga to Valencia is a succession of bays and headlands, each crowned with a pharos to guide the mariner along the broken and dangerous coast into their small havens. The passage occupied twelve hours, and we anchored off Valencia at 6 A.M. I should say,

a long way off; for, strange to say, neither map, guide-book, or previous conversation, had advised me that the town proper was nearly two miles off, to the great loss of time and inconvenience of trade and shipping. The "Grao," a Valencian term for the ports round the coast,

imagined. You may count sixteen to twenty little towns and villages, with their domes and campaniles. The whole plain, for twenty miles, is studded with cottages and mansions, and is in apparently good cultivation. The inhabitants of the cottages are exten-



ALICANTE.

I took to be the town, and thought I had nothing to do but step on shore and go to an hotel, or present my introductions, but the host of sharks that infest this harbour soon convinced me to the contrary. After a little explanation, I hired a tartana, a conveyance peculiar to Valencia, and not unlike the after part of a gondola placed on wheels, or a common cart covered with a black awning. They have a railway from the harbour to the town, which I might have availed myself of, but I preferred the long rough ride through a fine avenue of trees. Several handsome bridges span the broad dry channel of the river, the water of which is diverted from its course for the purpose of irrigation. When I found that the vessel was to remain only a few hours, I hurried to deliver my introduction, and take a drive round the town, and return to the vessel at noon; but the same hospitality awaited me as at Alicante, and my young friend would not hear of my leaving so abruptly; so, to gratify my own wishes and carry out those of my kind host, I forfeited my passage to Barcelona, and remained for two days.

It would have been a great mistake to have lost the many sights and attractions in and around this old city. The first thing to be done was to get an idea of the topography of the place, and a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country and scenery, for which purpose we ascended the bell tower of the cathedral. This is a sight of which the Valencians are, and have a good right to be, proud, for no finer view can well be

sively employed in the silk trade, and between the rich gardens and ploughed fields there is a complete forest of mulberry trees. The Moors made this fertile valley a perfect paradise of beauty and production, and their system of irrigation is still carried out on a small scale. Still, the land produces two, and sometimes three, crops a year. All the persecutions, inquisitions, and bad government of church and state, have not been able entirely to obliterate the skill and industry of earlier days.

I cannot help thinking that it must be at times rather mortifying and humiliating to an educated and intelligent Spaniard, notwithstanding the exciting and romantic history of his race, to find that everything which gives their country a claim to civilisation, they derive from the much despised Infidels! In theory it may be right to prefer even a corrupt form of Christianity to the Mohammedan creed, but one is almost tempted to ask what Spain has gained by her grand cathedrals and temples filled with idols loaded with jewels, and daubed with paint and tinsel? There was a time when the Reformation had made marked progress in Spain, and with it would have come lasting freedom and energy to the people. But true religion and free thought being suppressed by the Inquisition, the country has paid the penalty in all the evils that follow civil and ecclesiastical despotism.

But to return to the system of irrigation: the canals or small water-courses intersect the fields and gardens,

on which the Egyptian water-wheel is employed much after the manner of the agriculturists on the banks of the Nile, and produce abundant crops. The rice grounds, from their swampy nature, give rise to a good deal of fever at certain seasons. I was shown some fine speci-

they would have graced the Bois de Boulogne or our own Rotten Row. The occupants were of the usual Spanish type of beauty, round faces, fine eyes, and a profusion of dark hair uncontaminated with cheese plate or saucer bonnets, but with a silk or lace scarf



THE PORT OF BARCELONA.

mens of the South Australian "gum tree"—I forget its colonial name—and was told that the leaf possessed some of the qualities of quinine, and was being rapidly propagated, in the hope that it might ameliorate the injurious effects of the malaria. The peasantry have a strong dash of the Arab about them, both in looks and costume, and I think still retain some of their industry.

The town of Valencia forms nearly a circle, and lies in this rich and beautiful valley like a round pearl in a variegated shell. The population of the city proper is about 80,000, but if we include the environs, within a circle of five miles, there may be 150,000. One-third of this circle is skirted by the broad, dry bed of the river Turia, which is crossed by four or five handsome bridges. There are few of the old Moorish houses now left, but the narrow streets, tall houses, with bowed windows, green blinds, and projecting balconies, still retain their oriental character. The town was formerly surrounded with a heavy wall, towers, and lofty gates; some of the latter are still retained, but the authorities have had the good sense and taste to pull down these old walls, and replace them with modern buildings and broad walks. Their Alameda is one of the finest in Spain. My friend was kind enough to give me a drive in the afternoon, to see the beauty and fashion of Valencia. The equipages were numerous, and many of

hanging from the back of the head and falling gracefully over the shoulders. This fine broad drive is divided into four avenues or *paseos*, skirted with myrtle, cypress, and orange trees, and ornamented with roses and beds of flowers, with some four or five fountains, of marble and jasper, sparkling with jets of water in every form of beauty; add to which, a bright blue sky, and soft, balmy air, and one might almost forget this busy, toiling, responsible life, and fancy oneself in a sort of Mohammedan paradise. The "sights" of the town, that may be seen in two days, are of course the cathedral and churches, which vie with other cities in Spain, in art and ornament. They have the usual Plaza del Mercado. I have elsewhere referred to the splendid markets of Spain, and their large supplies of fruits and vegetables, the finest I ever saw. My friend explained, "that the people live from hand to mouth, and purchase every morning what is required for the day, of meat and vegetables; that they have no greengrocers' or butchers' shops as in England, and consequently require these fine markets." The Plaza de Toros, or bull ring, in Valencia is the finest in Spain, after the model of the Roman Coliseum, and accommodates 16,000 spectators. The season for these brutal exhibitions is from April to November, so that I was deprived of one of the greatest sights of Valencia! Though the streets are narrow and tortuous, there are

many splendid mansions in the Moorish-Spanish style, with open patio, fountains, and flowers, broad staircases, and marble banisters. Here also the Government has a great tobacco manufactory, where many thousands are employed on a bare subsistence.

From Valencia to Barcelona there is a break in the journey where the railway is not completed. We left the former city at five p.m., and about midnight got into a diligence for two hours, and again joined the line. At sunrise we reached Tarragona. Here we left the province of Valencia and entered that of Catalonia, and were detained two hours. This gave us an opportunity of ascending the ramparts, from which we had a fine view of this ancient and most interesting city. You will know that this was the Roman capital of Spain, said then to number nearly a million inhabitants. It has a long and painful history, both ancient and modern. It was here that Sir John Murray made some sad blunders, and nearly defeated the plans of the Duke of Wellington (see Napier). The city now contains only about 12,000 inhabitants, and is still strongly guarded with ramparts and outworks, and many of the débris of the Roman city are to be seen in modern buildings. The view from these ramparts, over sea and land, on a bright morning is beautiful and picturesque.

At nine a.m. we proceeded on our journey by rail, and arrived at Barcelona at eleven a.m., on one of the brightest and most beautiful mornings that I enjoyed even in Spain. I had the good fortune to arrive in time to see the great fair that is held in Barcelona on the two or three days preceding Christmas. The country people in their best and picturesque costumes had come into town in thousands; and on the Sabbath-day the streets and broad avenues were crowded with men, women, and children, buying toys or gambling for their Christmas dinner. The stalls and gambling booths lined the sides of the streets, and all classes were trying their luck, from the poor old beggar woman to the well-to-do housewife, eager to get a prize of anything, from a brace of small snipes to a well-fed goose or turkey. I never witnessed such a scene of bustle and excitement, a sort of old Glasgow fair without its rougher elements. This city ought to have been the capital of Spain. It is beautifully situated on the Mediterranean, with a good harbour, and the finest and most genial climate in the world, and in a rich and fertile valley, surrounded with a range of hills, studded with villas, and clothed with evergreen vegetation. It is contiguous to Marseilles, and open to the trade of all the world. The inhabitants are more active and industrious, and I may say more independent, than the Castilians, and the climate the most healthy in Spain; and if historical prestige goes for anything, it was here that Columbus presented Ferdinand and Isabella with a new world.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER II.—LOVE AND HATE.

THE heart of a child begins early to love and hate. There is nothing which it does more heartily. Upon what it loves and what it hates will depend the bias of its character, the tendency of its future life. At first a child will be strictly personal in these emotions. It will love or hate people, and perhaps things. The next attainment, and a very important one, is to love what is good, and to hate what is bad. But how to get hold

of the abstract idea of goodness, and badness, and so to apply the emotion of the child to that, without personality, is indeed a difficult matter; for there is something so real, so solid, if one may use the expression, in the love of a child, and also in its hate, that it seems almost impossible to attach either to an idea without a substance.

This necessary lesson of loving only what is lovely in itself, as goodness is, can scarcely be taught to a child in connection strictly speaking with its parents, because everything in them is good and lovely to the child; and the same difficulty would apply to the case of other near relatives, or indeed, to all who were connected with it by the ties of affection. Love is so natural to the child, so born with it, that it begins to love before it is possible for it to understand why, and indeed, before there is any reason why, except that certain individuals minister to its wants, gratify its desires, soothe its sorrows, and, in short, sustain its life.

Nor would it be easy to find more substantial reasons why any one should be loved than these. Only that a little later, and when reason might be supposed to exercise more power, they do not always hold good; for human life as it is presents this strange anomaly, that persons are not always loved according to the benefits they confer. Hence we discover that this fountain of love which springs so freely from the heart of the child, is in reality a very capricious, uncertain, and unmanageable stream, flowing this way, and that—sometimes overflowing in quarters where the utmost pains are taken to dam it up, and stem its current; and sometimes falling off, and even drying up, where its genial waters are most required. Every one who speaks or writes on this subject, poets, philosophers, the wisest and the best of men and women, appear to have agreed in the opinion, that love is an impulse of our nature, which must take its own course.

Leaving this knotty point to be discussed by those who understand better than myself, I return to the love of a little child, which it is of the utmost importance that the mother should at least endeavour to direct to that which is worthy of being loved. To love mean things and base people is certain degradation to the child. To love what is intrinsically lovely is a certain means of elevation.

To love goodness simply because it is good, and to love it under every form in which it can be recognised, is one of the highest and noblest attainments of our moral nature, so high, indeed, that nothing less than that regeneration of the heart which is effected by conversion to the love and the service of Christ can lift us up to this height of being. But the mother, especially the Christian mother, can begin, God helping her, with this holy and delightful task. Only she must be content to begin simply, humbly, and without embarrassing the tender conceptions of the child with images and phrases which it is impossible for it to comprehend. She must be content also to work with human means; and this is too often what Christian parents will not do. They seem impatient of such means; and want to begin at once with spiritual instrumentality long before the child is capable of lifting its thoughts and conceptions to such a height as to go along with this kind of instruction. It is upon the mother herself that the spiritual influences must operate so as to fit her for this work; nor is it necessary to be above using the most humble and familiar means, because she may still use them with a spiritual purpose.

In teaching children to love goodness, we must love it ourselves, look out for it, embrace it, delight in it

wherever it may be found. We must rejoice in it when found in an inferior—in an enemy—and what is much more difficult, even in one who has stepped into a place of usefulness which we tried to fill, and failed in. If we do this ourselves, habitually and heartily, the children under our care will require but few lessons beyond this—our daily example.

But supposing this lesson of example to be a little defective, I think the mother may help out her purpose by placing before the notice of her child, in an interesting and attractive manner, instances of goodness occurring amongst indifferent people, or people not otherwise beloved personally. A poor beggar man may have picked up a shilling which he saw dropped by a passer by, and restored it to the owner when he sadly wanted a shilling himself. Or a hungry child may have carried a dinner to her sick father without tasting it herself. A boy may have rescued from its tormentors some poor animal, or another may have helped an old paralytic woman to carry her bundle of sticks. Instances of this kind are daily occurring in ordinary life, and when the mother is looking out for them, and listening to hear about them, surely her own heart will be refreshed and improved, for I am strongly inclined to think that the reason why we hear so little good of our neighbours is that we do not watch and listen for the good as we do for the evil. Among those whom we love no doubt we do, but true charity comprehends a wider range, hoping all things, believing all things.

All who have the training of children, and who have obtained a hold upon their affections, should remember that they exercise over them an almost unbounded power in the use of praise and blame. A child, and especially a girl, can be worked upon to love almost anything by hearing it praised by one she loves; and she will hate as readily and in the same proportion.

It is a curious fact, and very difficult to account for, that in the ordinary range of social intercourse, blame is much more frequent than praise. For once that we hear a good deed heartily commended we hear at least fifty bad deeds condemned, or else we hear the good so questioned that all the virtue seems extracted out of them. Even Christian people of devoted lives appear to be strangely on their guard lest they should praise too much. But they can blame, and by doing this so much more often, or perhaps more earnestly than they praise, the balance is lost, and the scale goes down laden with its heavy burden of human infirmity and sin; and we look on with mournful eyes, exclaiming, "Who will show us any good?"

One of the greatest hindrances to what I have ventured to call the education of the heart, and a cause of much and grievous loss to the young, arises, I think, from the restraint which religious people sometimes impose upon themselves and others, in not calling anything good which does not directly promote the salvation of the soul; so that we are in a manner deprived of the use of these two words, good and bad, than which there can be none more powerful in the work of education. Nor is this mode of regarding the matter consistent with our daily conduct. The most rigid in enforcing these restrictions will speak of good and bad in relation to their servants, and all persons employed in their business matters; and they use these terms continually in relation to the honesty, truthfulness, punctuality, and industry of such persons. They speak of them as good servants, good clerks, or good agents, when they possess these qualities, and they speak of them as bad, when these qualities are wanting, or when the opposite of these qualities are manifested.

Good and bad are words which we cannot do without when speaking of the general conduct of mankind. They apply to citizenship, to social and relative duty, honesty or dishonesty in business transactions, in fact to all which materially affects the interests of this present life, which promotes prosperity, or leads to ruin, which makes a country, a family, or an individual respectable or otherwise. To have just and clear views on matters of social and relative duty, mutual obligation, friendliness, trustworthiness, personal responsibility, industry, and all that we generally class under the name of morals, is no trifling attainment. It is, at least, as important as to have just and clear views on geography, grammar, or any other branch of that kind of learning which is taught so carefully, and with such indefatigable pains in the usual routine of school teaching. We may, therefore, fairly ask that the same amount of pains, the same amount of time, of study, and solicitude should be bestowed upon the former as the latter portion of education.

Nor need the Christian fear that in using every possible endeavour to awaken in the child a love for what is good—simply good as opposed to bad—there will be danger to that child in its subsequent religious impressions. If the principles of good and evil, by which the moral conduct of the man or woman has to be regulated, were at all, even in the slightest particle or degree, opposed to God's own law of right and wrong, then unquestionably there would be danger. But I am not speaking of expediency, of what is sanctioned by custom, or of what may tend to serve some sordid purpose. I am speaking as good of that which is essentially and eternally good, of that which was good when written in tables of stone, and which Moses brought down from the mount of ineffable communion; the same immutable good which was taught by the Saviour himself, and which pervades the whole record of his life, as well as the doctrines of his disciples.

There is no change, there can be none, in good and evil when regarded in this light, because both are founded on principle, the one sustaining, health-giving, uniting, and elevating, the other tending always to discord, misery, and destruction. The germs of both these principles lie in the heart of the little child; and happy and holy is the task of the Christian mother so to cultivate the one that by God's help it shall increase and strengthen and outgrow the other, as the flowers of a well-tended garden outgrow the weeds.

These remarks have been made at greater length, because, in dealing with the love of her child, the mother has to discharge the tenderest and most delicate of all those tasks which are committed especially to her care. Yet delicate and tender as are the little threads of feeling which she holds, it may be prayerfully, in her nurturing hands, she knows and feels that they are instinct with a force which will be stronger than any other in deciding the destiny of her child. Out of the love of that little palpitating heart, over which she watches, what floods of happiness or depths of sorrow may come! Out of its hate what bitterness and ruin! And yet from hating only that which is vile, and base, what strength of upright purpose! What help to the injured and oppressed!

What the child learns to love it will follow after, and hold by. In this fact we see the importance of making religion lovely and attractive to the young, not wearisome or repulsive. All the offices and duties of religion also should be strenuously recommended, so far as is possible to the affectionate choice of a child; and where this is not possible, the habit of observing that the parents love these duties, and fulfil them faithfully, and

cheerfully, will go a long way towards making the child feel that there must be something good and lovely in them, although it may be too young to perceive and understand the good itself.

The reading of Scripture stories, if well selected, is a great help in this kind of teaching; and here especial truthfulness should be observed; as indeed we find it in the stories themselves, where none of the brightest in example, or the most honoured as the servants of God, are spared the penalty of having their faults, or even their worse than faults, recorded. Such, however, is the faithfulness of these lessons of instruction that we find in them the sad consequences of wrong-doing both in appropriate, and sometimes immediate punishment, and in the bitter repentance of the wrong-doer.

In works of fiction we seldom find this equal justice. More frequently we meet with characters represented as wholly good, or wholly bad, neither of which afford much instruction either to youth or age. Biographies of good people, too, are sadly defective in this respect. Where all the wrong is left out, and where it is only sparingly touched upon, they do not teach a true lesson. Children are quick to perceive that the representation is one-sided; and whatever we teach them, we must teach the truth—that is, so far as they can see and understand the matter at all, it must be set before them truly. They naturally love the truth, though they may not like to make it the rule of their own words and actions. Hence there is gain rather than loss, in showing them how a course of life, otherwise good and happy, may have been marred by yielding to the temptation to do wrong; and by showing them also what sad tears have sometimes been shed over the consequences of even a momentary act of passion, or of self-will.

It may seem a strange, and perhaps meaningless expression to make use of, but I know of none better than to say that a child should learn to love love itself—to hold love in the tenderest respect—nay, to reverence it as a holy thing. The worst degradation of human life is where love is degraded. The loftiest and purest height to which we are capable of reaching is where our love is fixed upon the highest things—highest because holiest. Of all the follies which prevail in social life, there is not a more debasing and pernicious folly than that of treating love with ridicule and contempt. Fair lips may do this, and voices that speak in silver tones may mock at those evidences of tenderness and true affection which ought at least to be sacred in the estimation of women. Whenever we meet with this hard, cruel, mocking tendency, instead of that warm and cordial enthusiasm which ought to fire the eye, and send a glow into the cheek of youth, we are led to ask, who touched the heart of that youth in early childhood?—who bent over its cradle?—who stilled its cries?—who called forth its merry laughter until it echoed from heart to heart and made the household ring with joy? Perhaps no one. Possibly the child was motherless, and so never learned the exquisite delight—the pure enjoyment—the loveliness of love.

There is no sadder spectacle presented by human life than that of a childhood thus uncherished in its sweet affections—thus restrained in its abounding and exuberant joy; for there is no real joy in childhood without the free exercise of love, given and received. A child whose affections are repressed is like a young tree with its buds picked off in spring-time. This act of picking off young buds is what many of us do thoughtlessly. Even the mother does it sometimes, to

her own unspeakable loss, and to the cruel injury of her child. It may be done even by the habitual manner of a parent who is indulgent and kind in greater matters. Our language has no polite word for describing a certain style of manner, which I can only call *snubbing*; and a system of constant snubbing is one of the most injurious to which youth can be subjected. Either the temper is made sullen and resentful, or hope is crushed within the heart, or energy is deadened for want of hope, or there creeps over all the faculties a kind of paralysis, or a general tendency to disease, which may become any or all those mental maladies which so often lie at the foundation of human misery.

On the other hand, a happy genial childhood, with the full flow of natural affection encouraged, and brought out into the open day without hindrance, and without shame, is perhaps the greatest boon which parents have it in their power to bestow upon their children. Instead of being timid about the exercise of love, not knowing whether it will be well received, let a child grow up and believe that love is welcome everywhere—the best thing it has to offer, and a glorious gift—that the giving of love is a generosity which it has a right to exult in; and where this feeling pervades a home, what confidence, what joy, what peace it brings! It is the very sunshine of their young lives to children; and they can no more grow and flourish so as to bud and blossom as they ought without breathing in an atmosphere of love, than the plants and trees of our gardens can flourish without the light and warmth of the sun himself.

Happily for the poor this is one point on which they stand at no disadvantage with the rich. Though stripped of so many other kinds of abundance, their homes may abound in love. They themselves may be liberal here; and while the family meal may be sparing, and even insufficient, they may disperse liberally to their children that true happiness which arises out of loving and being beloved.

In addition to these pleasant thoughts there is one of higher interest which the Christian mother may safely cherish in her heart. It is that the child which has been so nurtured as thoroughly to appreciate the beauty and the value of natural love in the exercise of home affection, will be more likely to receive, without questioning, nay, rather with cordial welcome, the story of that divine love which was manifested in the life and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The ready opening of the young heart to receive the impression, though dim at first, of the ineffable nature as well as the reality of this love, will, I believe, be found a better preparation for making that child a true Christian than much teaching of the head. At all events the two modes of instruction should be carried on with equal earnestness, only there is this difference, that the education of the heart may be commenced from the cradle, and that thus a foundation may be laid in human love for the more entire appreciation of that which is divine.

In the course of these remarks I have said little about hate. It is often said, perhaps without reflection, that those who cannot hate, cannot love. I suppose the true meaning of this saying is, that the warmth and force of feeling which manifests itself in ardent love will necessarily manifest itself at times in an opposite direction. However this may be, we must all, I think, allow that children do hate, in a certain sense at least. Their little acts of repulsion evince in a high degree the feeling of hatred, although with them the emotion is happily of transient duration, and for the most part easily overcome.

The difficulty with children is how to get the application of this feeling removed from persons to things, or rather from the actor to the act; and more difficult still is it to apply it to ideas, such as meanness, cruelty, and wickedness in general. To hate the sin, and love the sinner, is perhaps one of the most difficult attainments of Christian life. In how many cases it is never attained at all, is a question not necessary to ask here.

When the infant has become capable of feeling admiration and contempt, and when these emotions begin to manifest themselves, then the natural feeling of hate may be diverted into legitimate channels by showing the child the actual meanness of doing wrong—the base and contemptible nature of a lie, for example—the odious nature of greediness and theft; and so on, using up, as it were, the ebullitions of hate for purposes of condemning evil under every form.

It is no bad beginning of life for a child to hate a lie—to hate deceit, and treachery of every kind—to hate cruelty—in short, to hate whatever we know to be hateful in the sight of God, we have high authority in the Psalms of David, and in many other portions of Holy Writ, for believing that there is a power of detestation which may be lawfully used against what is right.

The world will do much to deaden these childish feelings; and what is more dangerous, it will do much to misplace them—to draw out love towards that which is not worth loving, and ought not to be loved, and to excite hatred where it would be better to pity, and sometimes to admire. This confusion of moral appreciation and purpose which abounds in the world, and which often pervades even what is called good society, renders the work of the mother one of more urgent necessity; and happily for her, there is affixed to the faithful performance of her task a twofold blessing, for in rightly educating the heart of her child, her own heart is made better.

ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBBERT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS."

V.

THE noble families of Vane and Fane owe their arms and crest to a deed performed at the battle of Poitiers, temp. Edward III, by Sir Henry Vane, a gallant soldier who had the good fortune to participate personally in taking as prisoner John, King of France. Froissart in his Chronicles states that the King defended himself with great valour, though attacked by numerous knights, each of whom cried out, "Yield you, or you are dead." Sir Denyce Morbecke, however, happened to be next the king, and, addressing him in good French, asked him to yield; whereupon the monarch replied in the same language, "I yield me to you." All the knights then pressed round the captive king and made him acknowledge that each one had captured him. The claims, however, of Sir Roger de la Warre and Sir John Pelham have always been acknowledged to be the strongest, and the former received the crampet, or chape, of the king's sword, and the latter the buckle of the monarch's belt, a charge now borne in his arms by the Earl of Chichester, as commemorative of his ancestor's exploit. It was, however, to Sir Henry Vane that the fallen king gave his gauntlet, and in token of this circumstance the knight assumed as his arms azure, three sinister gauntlets, two and one or; and for his crest a dexter gauntlet erect, holding a sword, all proper, pommel and hilt or.

The Rev. Sir John Caesar Hawkins, Bart., bears for his arms argent, on a saltire sable, five fleur-de-lys or,

and they were probably assumed by an ancestor under the following circumstances. When King John of France was taken at the battle of Poitiers and detained a prisoner in England, the King of Navarre, availing himself of his absence, declared war against France, and, being aided by many knights, squires, and men at arms, whom he gained over to him by the great pay and bounty which he gave them, took many strong places and castles, and among others that of Mauconseil. This place he entrusted to the keeping of an Irish knight and two English squires, Franklyn and Hawkins, who had assisted at its capture. In memory of this the Hawkins family took for their arms a saltire, which represents one of the scaling-ladders by the help of which the castle was taken, while the fleur-de-lys betoken those which were on the captured ensign of France.

Sir Vere Edward de Vere's arms are quarterly gules and or, and in the dexter chief quarter a mullet argent. Tradition thus describes the origin of these insignia. In 1098, it is recorded that a battle was fought near Antioch, in Syria, between the Christian troops and those of the Corborant (*i.e.*, the noble of nobles) to the Sultan of Persia. The Christians were victorious, and pursued the vanquished soldiers. However, during the eagerness of pursuit night came on, and the Christians, being utterly ignorant of the country, were in danger of becoming dispersed, and of wandering too far from the city, when they would have fallen an easy prey to the greatly superior numbers of the enemy. But when they were only about four miles from Antioch a white star appeared, and shed its light especially upon the banner of Albry de Vere. By the guide of this star the army were enabled to regain the city; and all the warriors said that Albry de Vere was a holy man, and one beloved of God. In remembrance of the Divine favour thus marvellously shown him, De Vere placed the silver star as the solitary bearing on his shield; and after spending the vigour of his manhood in combating the enemies of the faith, he assumed the cowl in his old age, and entirely devoted himself to the service of the Church. The Earls of Oxford, which title is now extinct, were descended from Albry de Vere.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the recently appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board, bears as his second and third quarterings, gules, a bar wavy between three fleur-de-lys or. The fleur-de-lys refer to as many French standards as had been captured by Sir Elias Hicks, who was created a Knight Banneret in the reign of Edward III, and received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Black Prince.

A cubit arm, holding a broken tilting spear, the crest of the present baronets Carmichael, refers to an exploit said to have been performed by their ancestor, Sir John Carmichael. This knight accompanied Archibald, Earl of Douglas, with a band of Scottish troops, to the assistance of Charles VI of France, and at the battle of Beaugé, A.D. 1421, dismounted the Duke of Clarence, brother of King Henry V, who commanded the English forces, and thereby materially contributed to their defeat. The Swintons, of Swinton Bank, however, assert that it was Sir John Swinton, and not Sir John Carmichael, who unseated the duke; and to this opinion Sir Walter Scott inclines, as in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he says:—

"Then Swinton placed the lance in rest,
That humbled erst the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet."

Sir Humphrey de Trafford's ancestor was a landowner in Lancashire at the time of the Conquest, and to disguise himself from the Norman soldiers he assumed the

garb of a thresher, and whenever he worked his flail, whether to the right or the left, he cried, "Now thus." And it is to commemorate this circumstance that the descendants of the old Saxon yeoman bear as their crest, a husbandman per pale, argent and azure, threshing, a garb or.

The present baronets, Sir Robert Anstruther and Sir Wyndham Carmichael Anstruther, use as their crest two sturdy arms in armour, brandishing a pole-axe, with the motto, "*Periissem ni periissem*" (I should have perished had I not gone through it). This alludes to an ancestor who, having fixed a friendly meeting with an adversary, discovered that the latter intended to assassinate him. Being forewarned he effectually prevented his enemy from fulfilling his purpose, by felling to the ground his would-be murderer.

The encroachments of the sea in England have at times been very serious. Evidence of this is found in the Goodwin Sands, which are said to have once been the estate of Earl Godwin, and also in that portion of the Cornish coast between the Land's End and the Seven Stones, which was once dry land belonging to the ancient family of Trevelyan. Tradition asserts that the latter mentioned land was suddenly submerged, and that the then owner of it, when upon a riding excursion, found himself cut off from the mainland, in a locality far removed from human habitations. Finding his position becoming momentarily more perilous, and night approaching, he determined to attempt to reach the shore with his horse by swimming. The distance was great, but his steed was strong and possessed spirit. So soon as the tide began to flow he started on his perilous journey, and at the very moment when he expected to be lost through the exhaustion of his steed, the noble animal touched land, and both he and his rider were saved. In commemoration of his gratitude to the horse, he ordered that the rest of its life should be one of rest and plenty, and he assumed in lieu of his former arms, gules, a demi-horse argent, hooped and maned or, issuing out of water in base, proper, the bearings of the present Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan.

Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt's family is said to owe their arms, and even name, to the undermentioned circumstance. In the reign of William I was a knight Sir Hercules, renowned for his valour and exceeding strength. On one occasion, when riding with a party of his retainers, he was attacked by a superior force, and to avoid, as they thought, defeat, his attendants fled across a neighbouring bridge, which afforded the only passage over a deep and rapid stream. They would not, however, have escaped had not Sir Hercules posted himself at the entrance to the bridge, and with a ponderous mace beaten off his foes. Shamed at seeing their leader fighting single-handed, they rallied and returned to the *mêlée* just as Sir Hercules, fainting from exertion and loss of blood, had rolled from the highway into a piece of marshy ground covered with rushes. His followers, however, could not readily have discovered his position, had not the clatter of his armour as he fell startled from their nest some tyrwhitts or pewits, whose shrill cries, as they flew in circles over the place where he lay, enabled the searchers to discover and revive him. To commemorate this circumstance Sir Hercules assumed the name of Tyrwhitt, placed upon his shield three pewits, and took for his crest the figure of his namesake, "Hercules" bearing a club, in memory of the great deeds which he had enacted with the mace.

At the battle of Edgehill, an ancestor of the present

Sir Atwell Kinglake, Bart., received sixteen wounds, one of which disabled his left arm. Unmindful, however, of his wounds, the gallant knight held the bridle in his mouth, and continued to fight vigorously. The crest borne by the present family of Lake represents a mounted chevalier holding a sword in his right hand, his left arm hanging down, and the bridle in his mouth.

"I will mak sicker," is the motto of Sir Charles Sharpe Kirkpatrick, who bears as his crest a hand holding a dagger, an ensign that had its origin in a deed which was once styled patriotism, but which would now be termed murder. Robert Le Bruce, having met a chieftain known as Red Comyn in the Greyfriars Church at Dumfries, argued with him upon political subjects. The disputants' tempers became aroused, and each used harsh expressions towards the other. Bruce, however, was unable to control his anger, and in his rage struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Horror-struck, not at the deed he had committed, but at the place in which it had occurred, he rushed hastily out of the church, and was met by one of his staunchest adherents, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, who, seeing his agitation, inquired the cause. "I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain Red Comyn." "Doubtest thou?" rejoined the knight, "then I will make sicker" (sure), and, entering the sacred edifice, he despatched the wounded man without hesitation.

A tower with a portcullis down, and the head and shoulders of a sentinel appearing above the battlements in a watching posture proper, with the motto "*Turris prudentia custos*" (Prudence is the guardian of the tower), is borne as his crest by the present Sir John Dick Lauder, Bart. It relates to the shelter which Sir Robert de Lauder, High Justiciary of Scotland, took in the Castle of Urquhart, after he found that the battle of Halidon was lost, A.D. 1333. The gallant knight subsequently so valiantly, skilfully, and successfully defended the castle against the attacks of the English, that the assailants were obliged to retire. His gallantry and prudence so pleased the King, David II, that he assigned to him the insignia above mentioned.

INDIAN DOG JOURNEYS.

EVERYBODY knows that in the snow-covered regions of North America our familiar friend, the dog, is promoted into harness, and becomes the draught animal *par excellence* of the human race. Pictures are found in each child's natural history book of wonderful sledges drawn by a riotous-looking assembly of dogs, which seem galloping away at their own irresponsible sweet will, unheeding the ineffectual lash of an owner located far to the rear. These popular ideas on the subject will bear a little enlightenment; especially when we have such good authority to produce as Professor Hind, of the Red River Exploring Expedition, who journeyed many a hundred miles behind the self-same dogs of draught.

It is among the Ojibbeways and their kindred tribes alone, that the canine species is thus honoured; elsewhere with the Indians the dog is utterly contemned and cruelly treated. Yet no worthier sacrifice can be offered at their festivals; and they have a saying that "the dog was created in heaven itself, and sent down especially as a gift to the Red men." The celestial gift, if it be so, is dishonoured every hour in the day—kicks and blows are its caresses, and its food whatever it can steal. Consequently it has a very seedy and ferocious aspect, suited to make war with men rather

than to serve them; or, as if it had a suspicion of the dire fact that it is sometimes slain and eaten at the ceremonials, half religious, half gluttonous, called Dog Feasts.

But the wandering prairie Indian has no usefuller chattel than the wandering hound cowering at his wigwam door; who helps the squaws in their journeyings, dragging away on rude sledges the children, provisions, and birch-bark utensils of the camp. The woman walks by its side on snow shoes, and guides the vehicle with a cord. The beasts are harnessed to two poles jutting out in front of the long, flexible board which is the sleigh, and which is constructed so as to glide over inequalities of ground in an undulating, snake-like way; ropes along the sides, from end to end, keep the goods from overturning: thus, the young Swampys and Sioux papooses are transferred from place to place, with their parents' other property.

The carioles in which Professor Hind made his journeys were on the same principle of construction, or rather non-construction, a very thin plank, ten or twelve feet long, by twelve or fourteen inches broad, and turned up at one end in a half circle. On this is lodged a high cradle in which the traveller is packed up and deposited, a helpless mass of furs, with nothing but the thin plank between his outstretched legs and the snow. Nevertheless, he is very snug; his cradle is covered externally with buffalo-skin, and lined internally with blanket; and he sees before him, under the edge of his fur cap, his trio of dogs decorated with beadwork on their collars and tassels and bells on their harness. He has nothing to do with the management of these steeds; the driver runs behind, guiding the cariole by a loop of buffalo thong affixed to each corner of the projecting plank. His luggage is packed on a sledge coming after; and so he sits, a comfortable mummy, gliding or galloping along at the rate of fifty miles a day, through utterly roadless solitudes.

Perhaps the most celebrated run ever made with dog-trains, was that over the four hundred miles of country between Fort Garry on the Red River and Crow Wing on the Mississippi, the travellers being, on the one part, Lords Richard Grosvenor and Frederick Cavendish, with John Monkman as guide; on the other, Professor Hind and the Indian scout named Cline. The former had a superb train of fifty dogs for their sixteen carioles and sleighs—dogs which were known to have run sixty-eight miles in seven and a half hours, once upon a time. The need for so many vehicles was the carrying of provisions, not only for the travellers and their half-breed drivers, but also for the dogs, each of whom should daily get a meal of two pounds of pemmican or three pounds of whitefish. True, they could be left a week without food in an extreme case, but to keep them in travelling condition this regular meal was necessary. Mr. Hind had nine carioles and a corresponding proportion of dogs and men. The Hudson's Bay Company keep numbers of the animals trained at their forts for purposes of winter traffic.

Now the four hundred miles between Red River and the Mississippi was an untrodden waste of snow, not even a trace of a path marked anywhere. This was the most serious impediment in the proposed run. Generally in such cases a track has to be made by an Indian marching on snow-shoes some distance in advance of the dogs, who follow with unerring precision. And so John Monkman, the guide selected by the young noblemen aforesaid, astutely proposed to give Professor Hind and his party two days' start, and then, taking advantage of the trail they had left, to gain on them and sweep

past them into Crow Wing, the place of destination. The one weak point in this plan was the possibility of any fresh fall of snow obliterating the trail.

Twenty-two degrees below zero was marked on the thermometer when Mr. Hind camped out his first night—that of November 30. What intolerable cold! says the British reader in his well-curtained dining-room. The very description of the sleeping arrangements will make him shiver. No tent could be put up; canvas would be as a steel sheet in the morning; but a blanket was stretched on poles between the sleepers and the brilliant star-spangled sky. The snow had been swept away as a preliminary to kindling the fire, which was made of a long narrow shape, so that each man could lie with his feet towards it. Supper was prepared of pemmican and tea; and while getting ready, the dogs received their solitary feed for the twenty-four hours—the same as their masters, but without the tea. Then snow-shoes were doffed, and mocassins were dried, before each man wrapt himself in his blanket and slept. A promiscuous sleeping apartment that, in the midst of the solemn pine-woods; for the dogs crept in likewise to be near the fire, and some lay half across the Indians, whose coppery faces were whitened with frozen breath. Through the silent midnight came perchance the long, low howl of distant wolves, eyeing the red gleam of the bivouac from afar.

Long before any trace of dawn pales on the eastern horizon, there is a stir among the men, and the waning fire is replenished: breakfast over, the men draw on strong mittens of buffalo-hide, ere they proceed to catch and harness the dogs. For these are ungentle animals, apt to snap at their masters and eat the thongs which strap them to the carioles; apt to grow sulky and lie like logs, only roused by severe punishment. Under the most favourable circumstance, this operation of catching and harnessing occupies more than two hours: so we see how needful it is that the camp should be astir at five. Sometimes the roguish dogs have scraped out a bed in the snow, and if any has fallen afterwards during the night, it is next to impossible to detect their hiding-place: the beast will lie quietly within thirty yards of the fire, unheeding all shouts and calls, and it is only by the Indians walking round and round the camp in a circle, enlarging the limit each time, that they at last tread on the truant.

A good story is told of Cline, the guide, wanting to make a *cache* of pemmican somewhere, as store against his return by the same route. He knew that the cunning of the dogs was such, that they would scent it out and scrape it up if he buried it; he was most careful not to let them see where he was going when he struck off one day from the main route towards the Pine River. Here, having cut a hole through the ice, which was fifteen inches thick, and tied a buffalo thong round the bag of meat, and also round a stick from which he meant to suspend it, he laid the stick across the hole, so that the bag was let down into the water just below the ice: then he heaped blocks of ice on the opening, and poured water over all. Such was the cold that the water froze the instant it touched the ice, and thus a solid mass was formed over his *cache*, or hidden treasure. Raising his head from the work, Cline beheld the sharp noses of some of his dogs over the bank, which had been watching him all the time. Immediately they disappeared; but when he joined the train, he could easily detect the culprits by their consciously guilty demeanour. Cline pushed on for some miles: counted his dogs before supper, when they were all right: counted them again in the morning, when

some were missing: went back on snow-shoes to his *cache* at the Pine River, and found the discoverers of the preceding day scratching busily at the ice over his deposit.

The severest part of the journey was in crossing the lakes, where there was no protection whatever from the cold. It was but a short time before that a Roman Catholic missionary had been frozen to death on the Red Lake, when a snowstorm had come on: he died within two hundred yards of his home. The Indians could read the whole history of the struggle in his tracks, and enacted the same in a touching dumb show for Professor Hind. How the poor priest had run against the pitiless blinding tempest for awhile, had paused in exhaustion, had turned his back to gain breath, had kneeled in prayer, had hastened onward again, had slipped and fallen, leaving the clutch of his fingers marked on the ice, had prayed again with clasped hands, had finally yielded to the stupifying cold, and lain down in the unwaking sleep. He was an Austrian, located at this place as missionary to the Indians.

On the borders of Cass Lake, just as the bivouac was formed, a distant yelp was heard, "Monkman's come!" and soon his dogs were fraternising with Cline's, unheeding the rivalry between their masters. Forty-four miles from their destination, the parties camped together, and rehearsed the several stories of their journeys. Their last night in the woods was that of 12th December: and next morning, forty minutes after the start, Monkman's party passed that of Professor Hind; flitting swiftly and almost noiselessly by over the white earth, through the illimitable pine-woods, under the brightening heavens. The run was twenty-six miles to dinner time, Cline keeping close upon Monkman's heels. A splendid gallop of twenty miles from that to Crowwing: all sloping ground to the levels of the Mississippi, along which the dogs careered with magnificent eagerness. Monkman's had the best of the race by a few yards: Lord Frederick Cavendish being first, and Professor Hind third of the carioles entering the town. Exciting and strange as was the run, we can fancy the travellers shaking the hoarfrost from their eyebrows, and crunching the icicles from their beards very contentedly in a civilised apartment with the weather shut out, and resorting with thankfulness to first-class carriages for the residue of their lives, while enjoying dog-trains only in remembrance.

Our arctic voyagers have owed much to dogs of draught. In those higher latitudes there is some difference as to the manner of training and the result when trained. Whereas the Ojibbeway Indian keeps his dogs in order by hurling a well-aimed stick, javeline-wise, at the offending head, the Esquimaux uses a whip twenty feet long in the lash, and has a whole vocabulary of cries for "right, left, turn, stop." Three of their dogs are said to be able to draw a sledge weighted with a hundred pounds, over a mile's space in six minutes. Nine of such beasts drew 1,611 pounds of stores from the Hecla to the Fury—laid up in ice-quarters—in nine minutes. From the time they ceased to be blind puppies they have been yoked; first to toy-sledges that would amuse a child, as breaking-in for graver work. With all their work they are poorly fed, and have the gaunt aspect of wolves in general. Captain Parry saw one eat a large piece of canvas, a cotton handkerchief, and part of a linen shirt with apparent relish. Still, with all their harsh treatment, they are faithful creatures, and the bravest of the brave: if a shaggy Polar-bear loom out of the snowy gloom as you sit in your sledge, you will see your whole team burst harness and have at him, though the foremost die in his embrace.

Varieties.

THE WHIP.—The Whip has an office. He has six or seven clerks and scouts. He has a private printing-press. But, above all, he has one responsible deputy, who is the real Whip, whose efficiency is the basis of every majority, upon whom he depends, who in reality is what Colonel Taylor or Mr. Glyn only seems. The present holder of this post (Mr. Vargas) has held it, if we mistake not, between thirty and forty years. It is not a highly-paid office. Yet upon the diligence and perfection with which its duties are fulfilled depends perpetually the fate of Ministries. Understand, the Whip does not, like the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury, go in and out of office with Ministers. The Whip who drummed up sixty too few for Mr. Disraeli this year is the same who the year before last drummed up eleven too few for Mr. Gladstone. He has no political feelings, or shows none. His one object in life is to get a good majority for whatever Government is in. At night he is at the House; in the daytime he is at an office in King-street. Thence proceed almost every day circulars to every supporter of the Government, telling them what there is to watch for in the Government interest. Besides these circulars there are many special messages on which he has to send his scouts. In fact, there are few places in London where more business is done or done quicker or at greater pressure than in this little King-street office.—*Court Journal*.

VALUE OF LAND NEAR LONDON.—The residence known as Branch Hill Lodge, at Hampstead, and 13a. 3r. 37p. of pasture and garden ground adjoining, were lately offered by auction at the Auction Mart. After a spirited competition, the lot was sold to a City wine merchant, for his own occupation, at £20,050. The late owner and occupier purchased the estate fifteen years ago for £10,000.—*City Press*.

THE ROBBER CRAB.—In the island of Niné, as in Samoa, the large robber crab (*Birgus latro*) is found in great numbers, and the natives are very expert in catching them. The sagacity of these crabs is surprising. A young man in my family, in Samoa, saw one up a cocoa-nut tree twenty-five feet high push down (not twist off as the natives do) a dark brown cocoa-nut; that is a nut in just such a state of ripeness as to be easily detached from its stalk; just such a one as a native would have selected. The habit of this crab is, after having thrown down a cocoa-nut from the tree, to descend, go to the nut and tear off with its strong claws the fibrous husk; then it re-ascends the tree with the nut, holding it by a bit of the husk which it leaves on for the purpose, and lets it fall upon a stone or rock to break it. It then again descends, either to feast upon the broken pieces or to carry them away to its hiding-place. Sometimes, instead of taking it up the tree again to let it fall upon a stone, it will gnaw, with its strong nipper-like claws, a large hole in the nut, beginning at the eye. If these crabs perceive themselves discovered up a tree by any person, they draw up their legs and claws, form themselves into a ball, drop down, and immediately endeavour to escape; or if discovered near a precipice they roll down it. They feed on other fruits beside the cocoa-nut; such as the candle nuts, nutmegs, figs, and many other kinds of rich and oily nuts and fruits. The trees yielding these are, at certain seasons, covered with them, feasting upon their fruits, and when thus found basket loads of them are taken. They go periodically into the sea, about the change and full of the moon, just before she rises.

—*Savage Island, by Rev. F. Powell, F.L.S.*

PUBLIC INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—The total revenue for the year ended March 31, 1868, was £69,600,218 sterling. Of this sum £22,050,000 was derived from the Customs, £20,162,000 from the Excise, £9,541,000 from stamps, £3,509,000 from land and assessed taxes, £6,177,000 from the property tax, £4,630,000 from the Post-office, and £345,000 from Crown lands, the miscellaneous receipts amounting to £2,586,218. The total ordinary expenditure amounted to £71,236,241, £26,571,750 of which was for interest and management of the Permanent Debt, for terminable annuities, interest of Exchequer bonds, Exchequer bills, and Bank advances for deficiency, £1,893,898 for charges on the Consolidated Fund (the largest item of which was £672,559 for the Courts of Justice), and £42,770,593 for supply services, £15,418,581 of which was required for the army, £11,168,949 for the navy, £8,491,314 for miscellaneous civil services, and £2,000,000 for the Abyssinian expedition.